THE SEVEN WISE MEN.

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THE

Seven Wiſe Men.

SEven Sages in theſe latter Times are ſeen,
The Glory, and Support of *Albion*'s Queen,
Whoſe wiſdom will the *Gordian Knot* undo:
And be our Iſles *Palladium* 'gainſt the Foe.
Unſtable *Britain* may like *Dilos* float,
Yet ſtill *ſhe*'s ſafe while *Patriots* guide the *Boat*.

Firſt ſtands recorded in the *Liſt* of Fame,
The Gen'rous, Brave, the Humble *S*---'s Name,
Learnings good Ornament, the Muſes Pride,
By Nature form'd in Councils to preſide.

The

The *Poets* who in Crowds his *Table* throng,
Are raviſh'd with the *Accents* of his *Tongue*,
The *Rhiming Gueſts* are fed with ſumpt'ous Fare,
Rewards can make his *Gibbriſh Language* clear.

A gentle D---- comes next in cloſe Debate,
To ſearch into the deep Intrigues of State,
But ſcarce had he in Council taken place,
When fond *Lucinda* call'd away his Grace.
In Liberties of Love, ſhe told her Lord
His Talent was not for the Council-board.
Her tender Limberham ſhe did implore
To quit thoſe *Factious* Follies at *Threeſcore*,
And pleaded that his Name was only given,
To have one Man of *Honour* in the *Seven*.

Next giddy *Phaethon* begins his Flight,
And boldly dares aſcend the Orb of Light.

But

But the raſh Youth will ſoon inflame the Ball;
And with Confuſion from his Chariot fall.
Thoſe *Jackdaws* eyes can never bear the *Teſt*,
Tho' they were nouriſh'd in an *Eagles* Neſt.
Thoſe artleſs Hands, and that untimely Zeal
May harm, but ne'er preſerve the *Commonweal*.
Then to his Library, let him confine
The undigeſted Notions of his Brain;
In curious Speculations ſpend his Days,
And labour to preſerve *J---s F-rb-s's* Praiſe.
To Learning 'tis confeſs'd, he'as ſome Pretence:
For he abounds in *Books*, tho' not in *Senſe*.

O valiant *Sc*----- with unan'mous Voice,
The Nation do's applaud, the Senates Choice.
Grown old in Wars, thou muſt in Council ſit;
For Councils now, as once for actions fit.
Thy penetrating Senſe can ſoon unfold,
Myſterious truth in thy own Ciphers told.

As a raw Youth of the *Patrician* Race
In that *Auguſt Aſſembly* claims a Place,
Only with aweful Silence to attend,
And by the Sire's wiſe Precepts form his tender Mind;
Our modern *Sages* prudently admit
Young *T--ſ---d* ſhou'd in the Committee ſit,
Provided ſtill the firſt like Stamp he bear,
And like the Infant *Carthaginian* ſwear,
Immortal hatred to his Father's Foes,
And ever to ſupport *The good Old Cauſe.*

Unheard came creeping next a crafty Bard,
Who *Factious* buſineſs never did retard,
An antient Stock, in covert *Saw-pits* bold,
In *Plots* conſummate, and in *Tricks* grown old,
Since among K---es he holds the foremoſt place,
Old *Fer----n*'s footſteps, who ſo well can trace,

Tho'

Tho' twice his Marriage-bed has been betray'd,
Good reaſon ſtill his Vengeance has allay'd.
The Injury his former Spouſe has done
A large Eſtate moſt amply did attone.
He is content his preſent Spouſe ſhou'd ſtrole,
To gain young Bully's to the *Kit-kat* Bowl.

S------, thou mighty Genius, next ariſe,
Nor let young *J*---*es* thy vigilance ſurpriſe,
Let neither Guilt, or Crime, nor ſence of pain
Diſtract the Projects of thy teeming Brain;
Thoſe labours may be crown'd another reign.
With thy accuſtom'd Art expound the Laws,
Weighing the Party's Merit, not the Cauſe.
Above the *Common Honour* of a *P*----,
Thy reſtleſs Soul diſdains that *Humble Sphere.*
A *Blazing Comet* to amaze the Sight,
And with a *Fiery Tail* the People fright.

Thus,

Thus, for *a while*, thou may'ſt with Luſtre ſhine,
But *ſoon* to *Primitive Dregs* thou muſt return again.

O *Albion*, on theſe Shoulders ne'er Repoſe,
Theſe are thy *Dangerous*, *Inteſtine Foes*,
Theſe are the *Tyrants* who would thee *Enthral*,
Reſolve to *Govern*, or o'erthrow the *Ball*,
Tho' they, like *Sampſon*, in the Ruin *fall*.

F I N I S.